



VOL. XVIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1850.

NO. 17.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

### The Doe Plough.

We like to see competition in the improvement of agricultural implements. The farmer has the better for it in the production of better tools, and we hope the improver also receives a substantial reward in the call for his manufactures. Kennebec has not been asleep in this matter, and among other improvements that have had their origin among the mechanics of our country, we can point with satisfaction to the Doe Plough. We have spoken of this before, and our societies have given it premiums, and deservedly, too. Mr. Doe, formerly of this city, now of Concord, N. H., has spent the best part of his life, thus far, in his efforts to improve this invaluable implement, and his indefatigable perseverance has at length been rewarded with great success. His No. 7 is a capital breaking-up plough, large, well-proportioned, and strong; with a good team, the way it turns the furrow is a caution to a ploughman.

While examining some improvements in the establishment of the Messrs. Lambard, of this city, we were referred to some change in the width of his No. 5 Doe Plough, which evidently makes a more efficient implement of it, and enables it to perform still better work than heretofore.

We are happy to learn by Mr. L. that he has already disposed of a large assortment of these ploughs this year, and is still prepared to fill all orders for them, from a ship load to a single plough, as occasion may require.

This call for them is evidence that the practical farmers are satisfied with their merits, and are willing to patronize them.

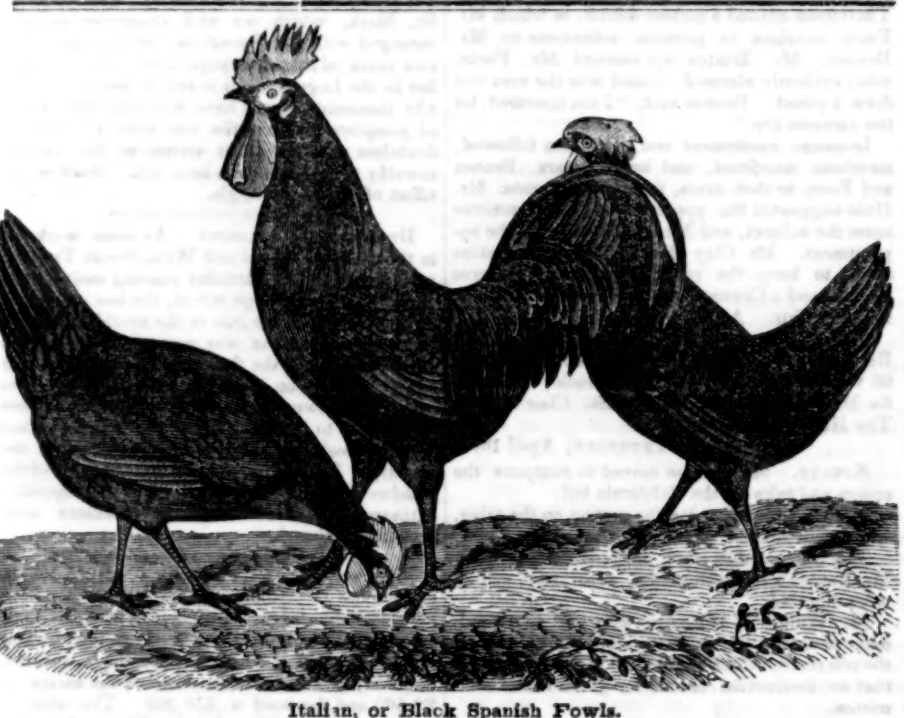
### Disease among Cattle.

A disease, resembling vertigo or blind staggers, has prevailed to some extent recently in Winthrop among the cattle, and several valuable animals have died with it.

The cattle are at first taken trembling, or rather with slight convulsive spasms, and soon are found to be blind, running against obstacles in their way, and resting their heads against the wall. They refuse to eat, begin to drool or froth at the mouth, and sometimes turn round and round like a dog after its tail, when they fall down. The eyes look heavy, and the animal is lank and weak. The pulse not much increased. Some of the cattle that have died, have been examined. Water has been found in the brain and around the pit of the back bone (spinal column). Lungs, heart and stomach not diseased, but the gall bladder very much distended. Bleeding and purgatives have been resorted to, but with not much success. Probably, if these were used in season, they would be of more avail; but the disease is insidious in its approach, and is not discovered until it is too firmly seated to eradicate easily.

### Beef Steak Apple.

This is a promising name for an apple, especially to a hungry man. We have heard the variety of apple to which this name is appended, recommended as a valuable one, and Hovey, in his last number of the Magazine of Horticulture, says it is a very superior autumn apple, and that it proves to be such a hearty mouthful that he has not ventured to suggest an alteration of its "inlegant" title, as it may be considered by some pomologists. It originated in Wilmington, Mass., very near the spot where the Baldwin apple sprung up from the seed, and is as superior as a fall apple, as the former is as a winter one. In size it is about medium; of roundish form, with a yellow skin nearly or quite covered with brilliant red, in stripes and splashes; flesh yellowish, firm, crisp, and tender; with a peculiarly high flavored, rich, abundant juice. Ripe in October and November.



Italian, or Black Spanish Fowl.

### Spanish Hens.

The old proverb that "every dog must have his day" is becoming applicable to the tenants of the hen-roost; for poor Biddy, after having been so long considered rather a necessary evil among the farm stock, has at length become of sufficient consequence to enlist the attention of all classes, from the peasant to the noble.

The hen fever has become quite extensive, and the different breeds take rank according to the fancy of individuals in different localities. There is certainly quite a choice among the different varieties, and more attention is being paid to keeping them more distinct and pure. We may at some future day, when we are better prepared with portraits of different individuals who are distinguished in poultrydom, give a chapter on hens, illustrating the difference in the various breeds now raised. At present we must be content with introducing you to the "Spanish Hen."

We are indebted to the publishers of the New England Farmer for this splendid cut. The portraits were taken from specimens exhibited at the great hen show by Daniel Buxton, of Danvers, Mass. It will be seen that this variety are emphatically hens of color, but are handsome, stately fowls, being both ornamental and useful. D. J. Brown, in his work recently published entitled the "American Poultry Year," says:

"This is a noble race of fowls, possessing many great merits; of spirited and animated appearance, of considerable size, excellent for the table, both in whiteness of flesh and skin, and also in flavor, being juicy and tender, and laying exceedingly large eggs, in considerable numbers. Amongst birds of its own breed, it is not deficient in courage; though it yields without showing much fight to those which have a dash of game blood in their veins. It should be a general favorite in all large cities, for the additional advantage that so soft of smoke or dirt is apparent on its plumage."

"The thoroughly-bred birds of the fancy should be entirely black; as far as feathers are concerned, and when in high condition, display a greenish metallic lustre. The combs of both cock and hen are exceedingly large, of a vivid and most brilliant scarlet, that of the hen drooping over on one side. Their most singular feature is a large white patch, or earlobe, on the cheek, of a fleshy substance, similar to the wattles, which are small in the hen, but large and very conspicuous in the cock. This marked contrast of black, bright-red, and white, makes the head of the Spanish cock as handsome as that of any other variety; and in the genuine breed, the whole form is equally good; but the scraggy, long-legged, misshapen mongrels are often met with enough to throw discredit on the whole race. Some birds are occasionally produced handsomely streaked with red on the hackles and back. This is no

proof of bad breeding, if other points are right. "Spanish hens are also of large size and good figure, and are celebrated as good layers, producing very large, quite white eggs, of a peculiar shape, being very thick at both ends, and yet tapering off a little at each end. They are by no means good mothers of families, even when they do sit, which they will not often condescend to do, proving very careless, and frequently trampling their brood under foot. But the inconveniences of this habit are easily overcome by causing the eggs to be hatched by some more motherly hen."

In regard to their becoming acclimated, we can only say that they do very well in Maine, though they generally lose their splendid combs before winter is past. In regard to the "splendid Spanish" variety which is mentioned by the writer above quoted we would say that some years since a lot of fowls were sent from Spain by Horace Bridge, Esq. of this city, and who is purser in the navy. These were bred for some time in this vicinity, and were evidently of the last named kind. They have now become so amalgamated with other breeds that they have lost their peculiar characteristics in a great measure. Although they were of different hues, they had the large single comb and laid those large and peculiarly shaped eggs described above. With the exception of freezing their combs, there was no particular trouble in their enduring our climate.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

### The Potato.

MR. EDITOR:—The time being near for seedling, with your leave I will make a few remarks for the consideration of the farmers, which are well intended, however they may be received and used. And I will first notice the potato crop, which is one of the great staples of Maine, and by proper management, I suppose may be as healthful and productive as in former years. It is a well established law of natural philosophy, that every thing has its nature, and will not flourish well out of that nature. It is so with certain animals, which will flourish well in certain localities and climates. So also of vegetables. They prosper best in and near the localities which nature designed for them, and will not prosper well, when much removed.

The potato is natural to a high, cool climate, an elevated situation, and a loose, buffy soil; and its natural constitution is such that it will not flourish well, especially in quality, if much removed from its natural habitat. This attempt to cultivate it, contrary to a series of years past, has probably so far changed its nature as to produce this alarming disease called the rot, which has strongly threatened the annihilation of the article. For years past, the farmers have turned their main attention to its cultivation, and the great

effort has been to produce quantity, regardless of quality. To this end they have planted largely and manured highly, to force a great crop; and, when near to navigation, have raised their bread-stuff by an exchange of potatoes. This did very well so long as the article contained in such health as not to rot. But this unnatural mode of culture from year to year, degenerated the root, till its constitution became so broken as to produce the rot. Many causes have been assigned for this disease, but no one has yet satisfied the public mind, and it is now generally agreed that we are about as much in the dark as ever.

Every effect produced is the consequence of the combination and operation of certain philosophical causes, and we can never rightly understand cause nor effect, till we go to this source for information. We may set up our own rules of wisdom against nature's laws and philosophies as much as we please, but nature will never change, nor reward such efforts. The point in which speculations on this subject have most agreed, is that it is a fungus, or assemblage of invisible insects, forming vicious and corroding acids. And this is probably the case, and the effect is probably produced in the following manner. By over-fertilizing the plant with manure, the plant runs too much to tops. They grow too fast and too large, do not contain enough of woody fibre to give them proper strength. Consequently the stalks have a loose, feeble, sickly constitution, and are incapable of bearing the common vicissitudes of the climate, from heat to cold, from wet to dry. A warm rain ensues, and clears off the top, with a scorching sun, succeeded by a cold, chilly night. Now look at the philosophical fact. The warm rain loosened and opened the pores, the hot sun over-heated and enfeebled the whole plant, and the cold night chilled it, and the feeble thing took a severe cold before it could recover its natural action. The effect is the same that would befall a man in like circumstances. Let him go through a warm rain, a cold, chilly night, and he comes out a sick man. Just so with the potatoes. The leaf, the tenderest part, falls first, then the stalk, and finally the roots descend in the soil, where the disease terminates, and the root is destroyed. In this way manure becomes a deadly poison to a potato.

When the farmer has plenty of other crops to plant, his manure is a benefit, which should be put in on his potatoes, when it is worse than a dead loss! The farmer will ask, perhaps, how and when he shall plant his potatoes? Go and ask philosophy, that is common sense, and she will tell you to put them into your turf land, and your manure on to your other crops.

Every farmer has a piece of turf land, every spring, which should be turned up. If smooth, so that a sleek furrow can be turned, turn it over about 4 inches thick. Then, in the crack of every furrow, about once in a foot, cut out a piece with the corner of the hoe and put in a potato, or a piece, and cover it or crowd the potato into the crack, and poke the dirt over it. The roots will run under the turf and the potatoes will make there, and nothing more can be done till the harvest, when the turf can be turned over and the potatoes taken up with a shovel, clean and good. In this way benefit will be derived from all the light showers through the summer, they will run down in the cracks, wet the potatoes and keep them moist and cool. If the ground is rough, so that a sleek furrow cannot be turned, plow and cross-plow and harrow, and then put in the potatoes, make the turfs and loose earth all up into hills, and that is all that can be done till the harvest. In this way the tops will be short and stocky, abounding in woody fibre, and able to stand all the changes of weather, without taking cold and becoming sick. Then the leaves will not blight, nor the stalks become fungus. If these two evils can be avoided, the potatoes will not rot. Another advantage is, the potatoes can be planted much earlier, in this way, in turf land, than in old mellow land. This is my theory, and I have preached it to the farmers ever since the rot began; and most of them have ridiculed it as one of my odd notions; and perhaps it is, but the potatoes have continued to rot, especially when well manured. Should these hints be of any use to the farmers, they are welcome to them. If not, they are well intended.

PELLO.

Portland, April 10, 1850.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

### Cultivation of Sweet Potatoes—Substitute for Glass Coverings to Hot Beds.

FRIEND HOLMES:—It is well known that the sweet potato, which is indigenous to India, has been naturalized and cultivated extensively in the Southern States. As a tropical production it requires a "sunny climate" to bring it to perfection, but following in the same train with other members of the vegetable kingdom, it has become acclimated and adapted to more northern regions, and is now profitably cultivated in Connecticut and New Jersey. It will doubtless succeed even in Maine, by forcing in hot beds. We once planted a few, by way of experiment, in a hot bed, but after waiting sufficiently long for the appearance of potato tops, we beheld what appeared to be inuring weeds, and had nearly given them up, before discovering that they were the real "proprietors of the soil." After giving full scope to their rambling propensities, we harvested a fair crop, although quite inferior both in size and quality to those raised under "Carolina's sunny skies," as we did not understand the *modus operandi* of raising them.

Timothy A. Bancroft, of Hindsdale, N. H., presented a fine specimen of the sweet potato at the late Agricultural Fair. His mode of cultivating is published in the "Vermont Chronicle." Perhaps the following extract may interest some of the readers of the Farmer. "Make your hot bed in April. Put in one foot of horse manure fresh from the stable. Cover it two inches deep with good loam. Place the potatoes in the loam one or two inches apart. Cover them one and one-half or two inches deep. They will come up in two or three weeks. Care should be taken not to have the bed too hot or too cold. After they are up two or three inches, they will do to water out. Place one hand on the potato to keep it from moving, and pull the sprouts off with the other hand close to the potato. The potato will continue to shoot out new sets of sprouts for three or four weeks. They

will do well from the middle of May to the last of June.

"Place your sprouts in drills ten or twelve inches apart—a little deeper than they stood in the hot bed. Let the drill be a little slanting, to hold the water. If it is dry weather at the time of setting, water as you would cabbage. Prepare the soil as soon as the frost is out and the ground is sufficiently dry. Plow or spade to the depth of a foot or more. Throw the ground into ridges by turning two furrows together; set your sprouts on the top of the ridges. Care should be taken not to leave the vines covered with earth, as in that case they will take root, which will prevent the growth of the first setting. They can be cultivated in any part of the Granite State, as well as at the South. They will grow on any soil where corn will. I have tried them on different kinds—sandy loam is best."

A cheap substitute for hot bed lights may be formed by coating stout cotton stuff with a composition of three parts boiled linseed oil, four ounces white resin, and one ounce sugar of lead. After heating the oil, melt the resin in it, grind the sugar of lead in a little oil, and then mix the whole together. S. N. T. Vassalboro', 4th month, 1850.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

### Remarks on Breeding Stock.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to make a few remarks through your valuable journal. Having been a reader of the Maine Farmer, for some few years, I have occasionally noticed some very interesting articles, urging the importance of the improvement of our neat stock—a subject which is very much neglected by a large portion of our farmers; yet there are some who understand their true interest, and have made great improvements, while others are very indifferent. I have seen farmers who keep from fifteen to twenty head of cattle, and most of them rather diminutive animals, when, at the same time, if they would expend a few dollars, annually, for four or five years, their stock would be worth from seventy-five to one hundred dollars more.

The idea is prevalent that the breed is nothing—feed everything; that, in fact, is all that is necessary to make good animals. But this is a very mistaken notion. Good keeping is an excellent thing, it is readily granted; but it was never known to reduce bone or oil, or to produce any radical change in the animal. It may serve to perfect the nature, such as it is; and this is all it can do. I believe many of our farmers are very much in selecting animals for improvement—they purchase without regard to blood. I have seen grade animals well-formed, yet at the same time they possessed the largest portion of inferior blood. Such cannot be depended upon for good breeding.

S. W. Cole, in his work on veterinary subjects, has made some very judicious remarks in regard to the principles of breeding. He says the principle that like produces like, only holds good in animals of a fixed race or blood-stock, for mixed breeds have no permanent qualities. If one of the parents is blood-stock or of a fixed breed, and the other is not, the blood stock will generally prevail. This is very evident, as the animal of blood-stock has its qualities permanently established, and will transmit them to the offspring; while those in the animal of a mixed race may be merely incidental and transient, not extending beyond that animal, or perhaps lie dormant for some years, and appear in future generations. I think the above remarks are well worthy the attention of our farmers.

Let us refer, for example, to the bull Pitt Favourite, formerly owned by R. H. Green, Esq., of Winslow, a bull in my opinion that had no superior in Maine, in his day; although his real worth was but little known until after he left the State, and in fact a large number of our animals of a fixed race or blood-stock, for mixed breeds have no permanent qualities. If one of the parents is blood-stock or of a fixed breed, and the other is not, the blood stock will generally prevail. This is very evident, as the animal of blood-stock has its qualities permanently established, and will transmit them to the offspring; while those in the animal of a mixed race may be merely incidental and transient, not extending beyond that animal, or perhaps lie dormant for some years, and appear in future generations. I think the above remarks are well worthy the attention of our farmers.

It is well known that first rate thorough-bred animals are quite scarce in Maine. I wish to be understood that I do not believe that all thorough-bred animals are valuable, for there is no distinct breed of cattle in which there are not some inferior animals; such ought to be prepared for the shambles, instead of being palmed off upon the public at high prices, for I think it has a tendency to injure the breeder and discourage the buyer. Some people are disposed to scoff at the idea of a pedigree, but if buyers would always demand a pedigree when purchasing blood stock, it would prevent fraud from being practiced in regard to real blood.

In regard to the different breeds of cattle, each has its own advocates. I am not familiarly acquainted with all the different breeds; but in my opinion there is no breed better calculated to improve our native stock in size and symmetry than the Durham. I believe it is admitted by all that they excel, in size, every other breed; and as the lumbering business is carried on to considerable extent in Maine, the largest oxen are required, and always command the highest price, when, at the same time, our small oxen bring very limited prices.

The same opinion prevails with many, in regard to the raising of horses, and with neat stock. When they intend to raise a colt, the first thing to be considered is the first coat. Instead of trying to obtain the best, they are content with the cheapest. They act on the principle of saving one dollar and losing two. Although men differ in opinion in regard to the value of horses, it is well known that some of our best horses, those that have been fairly proved, and whose stock is known to be first rate, are poorly patronized, merely on account of the terms being some two or three dollars more than those of our more ordinary horses. Why is it that our farmers are so careless in the breeding of good horses, for a superior carriage horse always commands a handsome price, and is of quick sale? When I consider the small difference in cost between raising good and poor animals, I am

astonished at the short-sightedness of our farmers, and their penny-wise principles in using poor animals. If the farmer would make a careful estimate of the difference in the profit upon a good and a poor animal, he would readily see the importance of the subject. I am aware of my inability to do justice to so important a subject, and will leave it for more competent writers. AN OBSERVER. China, April 2, 1850.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

### Labelling Seisons.

Those who cut seisons early, and have many varieties, will find the following a convenient and secure mode of labelling. Take a thin piece of wood, (a lath will answer,) eighteen inches long; plane one side; bore a hole four inches from the end, tie a string through this, and around the large ends of the seisons—let it pass twice around, and tie firmly—mark lengthwise on the top end of the stick, which will be with the tops of the seisons. They may then be stuck in loam, or saw dust, which is better—the name being in full view. S. N. T.

The Garden and Farm.

It will soon be time, if we would have good gardens, to commence the preliminary labor. The first thing in order is sowing seeds. If you have no hot bed—which you ought to have—select a warm border in your garden, facing the South, and divide into compartments, and sow cabbage, cauliflowers, tomatoes, early turnips, and lettuce seed, &c. After the plants come up, if they are infested with lice, make a strong decoction of sulphur and soap, and water the plants with it—this will not only rid them of the vermin, but cause them to grow with vigor.

EARLY PEAS. You cannot well sow peas too early. If there should be a little snow after they come up it will not materially injure them. So, as soon as the frost is fairly out of the ground, peas may be sown in some warm part of the garden; and by sowing at different times, and of different varieties, a continued succession of green peas may be secured, both for the market and table. If designed for the market, the earlier they are ready the better price they command; if for the farmer's own table, they will be acceptable a week or two earlier than is usual. There is not the least difficulty in the world in having green peas at a fortnight sooner than the majority of our farmers in this State do.

EARLY POTATOES. The same may be said of potatoes as of peas. Those designed for early use cannot get in too soon after the frost is well out the soil. They will not seem to grow much until warm weather—the tops of those planted later will appear equally as forward—but the early planted potatoes will be sooner fit for the table.

ONIONS. Onion seed should also be sowed quite early. CABBAGE SEED, &c. You may raise your own seed for cabbages, onions, turnips, &c. with but a very little trouble, and with less expense than to buy them of the store. It is only to set out a few good cabbage stump turnips and onions on some border, and gather and preserve the seed when ripe. You can then always be sure, that it is good, which is not always the case when you buy it.

BEANS should not be planted early, for they cannot stand frost or cold weather. Every garden should have a good *Asparagus* bed, and a supply of *Rhubarb* plants. The asparagus bed requires a little attention—to manure, fork over, and salt it down in the spring, but the *Rhubarb* plants require nothing but good rich soil, and to be kept clear of weeds, and they furnish a very convenient and agreeable material for pies, soups, and tarts.

BEETS, CARROTS and PARSNIPS are so common in all kitchen gardens, and the mode of culture so well known, that little need be said of them. We will just suggest however not to get them too near together—especially beets and carrots. If they are sown too thick, they should be thinned out, and the rows should be sufficiently far apart to permit most of the weeding between rows to be done freely with a hoe.

There are many other fruits, vegetables and herbs which should be in a good garden, or, if they are scarce in the State, they should be sent out a few good cabbage stump turnips and onions on some border, and gather and preserve the seed when ripe. You can then always be sure, that it is good, which is not always the case when you buy it.

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good quality for table use on land that is really sear—although he may get a tolerable crop. Such land, however, is much better for potatoes than corn. But we have always noticed that the best crops of potatoes, both for quality and quantity, are raised on deep porous soils, which, although they are not wet, retain moisture well. For instance, new grounds that have been burned over, and are full of half burnt leaves and sticks, ashes and coal—greenward pasture lands which have just been turned over by the plough. The tubers of the potato delight and flourish in such soils, where they have access to the atmosphere without being either too much exposed to the scorching sun, or drowning water. [Portland Advertiser.

### Cooked Food for Cattle—Value of Roots in fattening Cattle, &c.

The following letter from our correspondent of Somerset, will be read with interest by every cattle raiser.

WESTON, SOMERSET CO. N. J., March 8th, 1850. PROF. MAPES—Dear Sir:—Enclosed you have an account of my recent experiment, made at your request, in feeding cattle with cooked food, &c.

I selected two pairs of cattle from among eight pairs, which were similarly conditioned, and which I had fed alike, and for about the same time. They were weighed on the first of January. No. 1 weighed 1630 lbs. No. 2 do 1750 lbs. No. 3 do 1620 lbs. No. 4 do 1510 lbs. Nos. 1 and 2 were fed during January on 1 lb. of corn and oats, (not ground) in the proportion of nine parts corn to five parts oats by measure, and boiled in a three barrel kettle, in which was placed thirty-six gallons of water, one and a half quarts of salt, and about seven bushels of grain mixed as above—bought this mixture for two hours, using an armful of dry wood and two bushels of corn-cobs as fuel. I then covered the kettle, placing over the cover a horse blanket, keeping in the steam and preventing too rapid cooking, and by this means the contents of the kettle will remain warm and soft until fed out.

Nos. 3 and 4 had 10 lbs. of ground feed, mixed in the same proportion of oats and corn (but not cooked), each day. In every other particular, all four were fed alike—each pair having a small quantity of carrots and turnips each day, with as much common hay and corn stalks as they choose to eat.

On the first of February they were again weighed. No. 1 weighed 1785 lbs. having gained 155 lbs. No. 2 " 1655 " " 125 lbs. Weight Feb. 1st. 3575 lbs. gain in 1 month 205 lbs. No. 3 weighed 1750 lbs. having gained 120 lbs. No. 4 " 1550 " " 40 lbs. Weight Jan. 1st. 3160 lbs. gain in 1 month 120 lbs. Nos. 3 and 4 were fed on raw feed ground, and one pound per day greater in quantity than that fed to Nos. 1 and 2. (not ground, but cooked) and still, although in every other particular they were fed and cared for alike, the difference in favor of cooked feed is very large. The expense of grinding being greater than the expense of cooking, the economy is every way in favor of the cooked feed.

Gain with cooked feed, 205 lbs. Gain with raw feed, 120 lbs. Gain in favor of cooked feed, 85 lbs. On the first of February I ceased to use turnips and carrots, and substituted best clover hay for common hay and corn stalks.

Fearing the great difference in favor of cooked feed might arise in part from the peculiarity of the cattle, particular state of health, or some other accidental cause, I now changed them, and put Nos. 3 and 4 on the cooked feed, and Nos. 1 and 2 on the raw feed, increasing the quantity of feed to each pair, one pound.

Previous to commencing the experiment on the first of January, each pair had been accustomed to use some roots, pumpkins, &c., and this may account for the change I am about to describe after a discontinuance of the roots.

From the 1st of February to the 1st of March, Nos. 1 and 2 were fed on ground raw feed, Nos. 3 and 4 on whole cooked feed.

On the 1st of March they were weighed again, when No. 3 and 4, on cooked feed, had gained but 67 lbs. No. 1 and 2, on raw feed " 52 lbs. It will be seen from the above, that although the cooked feed at least cost continued to produce most growth, and in about the same relative proportion, still, each pair, when fed with roots in addition, gained much more rapidly than when fed on grain and clover hay alone.

I would remark, that 16 lbs. of corn and oats in the proportion before named, will weigh, when cooked, 344 lbs. If you think the above would be useful to your readers, you may publish it in the Working Farmer. Yours truly, JAMES CAMPBELL.

The above letter is of inestimable value, and we hope our readers will repeat the experiment fairly. The results obtained by Mr. Campbell are in accordance with those of other experimenters, and should no longer be confined to the practice of the few.

We hope Mr. Campbell and others will experiment further, and ascertain the comparative value of carrots and turnips for fattening cattle, when used with cooked corn, or cooked corn and oats. The peculiar property of the carrot is to gelatinize the watery contents of the stomach, and this is due to the pectic acid contained in the carrot. Food when gelatinized, is more easily digested, and hence, instead of large portions of starch, glucose, &c., being wasted in the excrement, it will be appropriated to *flesh making*. We believe the same facts to be pertinent in relation to milk cows, and we do not believe that at the usual prices of corn and other grains, that milk can be furnished at a cost of less than three cents per quart, without the use of carrots or some other root, and cooked feed. We fed our oxen one winter on cut corn stalks, steamed until swollen and tender, with cooked corn meal; they worked hard during the whole time, and were well conditioned in the spring. One reader will recollect the letter of Mr. P.

Mason, of Somerville, in our last number, in which he states that his pork fed on cooked corn, cost him but 4 cents per lb. We have since learned, from another correspondent, that by cooking his corn and feeding it to hogs, it paid him ninety-eight cents per bushel. [Working Farmer.

### Facts to be Remembered in Pruning.

There are important differences in the mode of growth and bearing of the various cultivated fruit trees, subjected to pruning and training, that every cultivator should study carefully. Every species is governed by laws no less regular and observable in this respect, than in their periods of blossoming and maturation; and these laws should be taken into strict account in pruning and every process intended to modify the growth and productiveness of bearing trees. Most cultivators are too apt to overlook these important points, and hence the principles of pruning are badly understood. Immediate effects alone are too frequently looked to. If the head of a tree be too dense, or certain branches too long, a certain number or a certain length is cut away, without considering the results that must follow; and it is this unskillful and indiscriminate pruning, as well as a total neglect of it, that produces such vast numbers of unsightly and unprofitable trees as now number the ground of a large portion of our orchards and gardens. At present we can give but few hints on the subject, by way of calling attention to these points.

The Apple, Pear and Quince are all similar in their mode of bearing. The fruit buds are usually produced on spurs or short stout shoots along the sides of the branches of two or more years' growth, and these shoots or spurs continue to renew their fruit buds, and bears for several years in succession, if they enjoy the advantages of light and air, and are not deprived of a sufficient supply of nutriment by rapid growing portions of the tree above them. Occasionally we see fruit buds formed on the end of shoots of one season's growth, but this is rare, except in particular varieties. The Quince is usually borne on the ends of spurs.

The Peach, Apricot, and Nectarine, bear their fruit almost exclusively on shoots of the previous year's growth; the fruit buds forming during the first season's growth.

The necessity of keeping up the last season's supply of young wood on all parts of the tree, is therefore obvious. The shoots bear only once—occasionally fruit spurs are produced from other branches, but these are comparatively feeble; not to be relied on.

The Plum and Cherry are quite similar in their modes of bearing. The shoots of last year, 1849, will during 1850, become furnished with fruit buds that will produce fruit in 1851. A few buds towards the extremities of the shoots are usually developed into new shoots, while all the buds below are transformed to fruit buds. It sometimes happens when Cherry trees are not growing vigorously, that the buds at the base of the shoots become fruit buds the first year, and bear the next.

The Morello Cherry and a few other of its class, are exceptions of this rule, and they bear like the peach on wood of the previous year, the fruit buds being formed on the lower parts of the shoot of the current year.

Gooseberries and Currants produce their fruit like the Cherry and Plum. The fruit buds forming on shoots the second year, and bearing fruit the third and afterwards.

The Grape Vine and Raspberry are similar in mode of bearing and differ from all the others. The fruit is produced on shoots of the current year's growth, starting from wood of the previous year. Young shoots from other parts of the vine do not produce fruit, but will the year following produce fruit bearing wood.

[Glenview Farmer.

### The Mince Pie.

The mince pie is worthy of a chapter by itself. The price of pie; standing at the head of all others, not excepting the famous pumpkin, or the well loved tart. People are in the habit of putting on its head the quiet malediction of being "unhealthy." If eaten by the quarter section it may be true; but the delicate mince pie as dessert, we do not believe a word of it. It is far less so, to many people, at any rate, than the pumpkin, or even the dense and innocent apple pie.

To keep the meat from year to year. We are astonished that so few people know that mince meat should not be made but once in three years; and that it may be kept good as new, if not better, for four, five or ten years; yet so it is. We know of what we affirm in this particular. Boil, chop, and season the meat, without any apple, as for pie; then pack it down in a jar and pour over it good molasses enough to cover it. If the molasses disappears, put in more, and keep it covered with the same. Whenever you wish mince pies, in summer or winter, the mince meat is ready. To people who live on farms away from market, this is a most worthy truth. In the "time of killing," the year's stock, and as much more as is wanted, may be got ready.

Since we have begun to be astonished, we may as well be astonished once more, at the fact that so few house-keepers know how to make a good mince pie. There is a vast deal of humbug answered under the name—a vast deal. We shall be glad to tell the public, if somebody will tell us how to make a first rate mince pie. [Prairie Farmer.

### Orcharding Profitable.

In a conversation a few days since with Father Taylor, one of our railroad directors, he informed us that a brother of his, residing in Belgrade, sold last season, from an orchard of little more than two acres in extent, somewhere about five hundred dollars' worth of apples





R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1890.

### Where's the Money?

In former numbers we have demonstrated as well as we could from the facts we had at hand, that there were three drains for our money. One was the excess of importations over our exports, which called for our specie to pay the difference. This is a national affair, of which our State partakes in common. Another drain is the immense expenditures sent to California for which we have as yet had no adequate return. This is also a national affair, but the State of Maine feels the full share of the lack which it has caused in the money matters of the community. Another, is the system still kept up by our merchants and traders of purchasing supplies of the importers and wholesale dealers of Boston and New York, and thus creating a necessity of carrying away twice in a year nearly all our circulating medium. This is wholly a State affair, and the remedy must be one of a conventional kind among our business men, namely: the encouragement of our own importers and wholesalers, by our retailers purchasing of them, and by their giving such retailers as good bargains, and a little better if they please, than they can get out of Maine. In this way will the circulating medium be kept, not only within our borders more generally, but the profits which the Bostonians now make out of us, be made in our own State, our own people enriched, taxable property increased, and the strength which we now give to them be saved at home. The whole matter may be summed up in this general expression, *Encourage and protect your own.*

We come now to another branch of this subject, viz: That we have not circulating medium in Maine sufficient for the business done in Maine. Every one knows that our money, or our circulating medium, consists mainly of bank bills. Methinks we hear some cautious friend say, surely you would not advise the banks to extend their circulation any farther? No sir; we would not advise them to go beyond their strength. They ought not, and we are confident they do not expand their currency beyond their ability to redeem. That they are able and willing to convert every paper dollar that they have sent out, to a silver or gold dollar whenever it is demanded. We are pretty well satisfied too, that our banks are conducted on "banking principles" of this day, and with a desire to aid the business of the country as far as they can safely do it. To conduct contrary to this would be injuring themselves and benefiting nobody. What then would you do to increase the circulating medium among us and at the same time have it safe and permanent?

Introduce the General Banking System—or the "Free Banking System," as it is sometimes called, based upon the security of State and United States stocks.

Don't start now and go into "gaps" or "hysteria" at the mention of Free Banking. We don't mean by this to have a law authorizing every body who is not able to issue money, but every body who is able, provided they come under the laws and obligations which we are about to mention. It is merely to have a general law by which any man or men who have enough of the aforesaid stocks on hand to secure the public, may so arrange the business with properly constituted authorities, to issue bank notes without the trouble of getting a special act from the Legislature for that purpose. This thing has been done for the last twenty years in the State of New York, and with the happiest results. It is therefore proposed to profit by their experience—following those principles which have led them safely, and avoiding those which have done them harm.

By the following abstract, we hope to give a familiar view of their system. There are many details in their laws necessary merely to carry out the plan, which it will not be necessary to enumerate here.

In the year 1839, the Legislature of New York passed an act to create a safety fund for the purpose of preventing loss by the insolvency of any banks in the State. This fund was raised in the following manner: Every banking corporation was required to pay over to the Treasurer of the State, every year, a sum equal to one-half per cent. on the capital stock. These annual payments were to be continued until each moneyed corporation had paid into the treasury three per cent. upon its capital stock, which was to be and remain a perpetual fund to be denominated the bank fund, and to be inviolably appropriated and applied to the payment of such portion of the debts exclusive of the capital stock of any of the said corporations which shall become insolvent, or remain unpaid after applying the property and effects of such insolvent corporation. This system, after a trial of nine years, was found to be not fully adequate to the design, for some of the banks would or did go beyond their own means, and their share of the safety fund to boot, to redeem.

In 1838, the Legislature of the same State came to the conclusion to throw the business of banking open to all who could furnish satisfactory security funds to the comptroller, and they therefore passed a "general banking law," sometimes called the free banking law—the main and essential provisions of which are the following: The comptroller of the State should cause to be engraved blank notes for circulation as bank notes. These blank notes were to be countersigned, numbered and registered in proper books, so that each denomination of such circulating notes shall be of the same similitude, and bear the uniform signature of such register.

This being done, any person or persons who may desire to associate for banking purposes may legally transfer to the comptroller any portion of the public debt (State scrip or notes) now created, or which may hereafter be created by the United States, or by this State, or any other State of the United States, as shall be approved by the comptroller; and such person or persons shall then be entitled to receive from the comptroller an equal amount of such circulating notes of different denominations, registered and countersigned as aforesaid. Such public debt shall in all cases be, or be made to be, equal to a stock of the State, producing five per cent. per annum, and the comptroller is not allowed to take any such stock above its par value.

These notes, thus furnished by the comptroller, are then to be filled out and made promissory notes, payable at the place of business of those who issue them, and loan and circulate them as money.

## THE MAINE FARMER: AN

## AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

### Notices of Publications, new and old.

**PELTON'S OUTLINE MAPS AND MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY.** We are inclined to think, if Solomon should have an opportunity to revisit the earth, he would like to revise some of his proverbs, and admit that there is, "now and then," something new under the sun. We dare say he never knew such a thing in his day, as "Musical Geography."

This system has been invented by Mr. Pelton, of Philadelphia, who has published a suite of very large and splendid outline maps for the use of schools, accompanied with a text book or key, in which the several divisions of this science are arranged, and even set to music.

We were much pleased with an exhibition of this system, one evening last week in Winthrop, by Mr. Augustus F. Holt, of New Sharon, who is an agent for Mr. Pelton.

The system of teaching is this: A set of the maps are purchased by the district. These answer for the whole school, and obviate the expense of purchasing an atlas for each scholar.

They are large enough, when hung up, to be seen by all the scholars in the room. Each place or point of the earth is then pointed out by the teacher—say the mountains, for instance—the name pronounced by the teacher and repeated by the scholars, and thus their names become familiar to the tongue and their relative positions to the eye. To fasten the lesson still stronger in the memory, it is thrown into verse and sung with great glee by the scholars at the close of recitation: thus making the study a matter of recreation as well as of mental labor.

We are aware that there are those who oppose the use of all such aids to the memory. Observation, and some experience in teaching, have convinced us, that, with few exceptions, most people remember longer and stronger by the aid of associations, than by mere strength of memory, and it is more profitable to use such aids than to discourage and cramp the young mind by crowding it with mere arbitrary, unthought names.

Four of the districts of Winthrop have voted to purchase the maps and adopt this system of teaching in their schools.

**UNIVERSAL PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER.** Mr. Holt is also agent for the sale of Baldwin's Universal Pronouncing Gazetteer, and which, on examination, we find to be one of the best Gazetteers now extant. It contains the names of all the important places in the known world, and where the place is large, such as London, Paris, New York, Boston, &c., a concise account is given. All the post towns in the United States are mentioned, and directions for pronouncing all the (to our ears) strange names are given.

The work is by Thomas Baldwin, and is published by E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, and it has gone through eight editions. The **MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL.** The Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital for 1889, is a neatly printed pamphlet of twenty-three pages and contains a beautiful engraving of the highly benevolent and useful McLean Asylum for the Insane, which is situated in Somerville, Mass., and which is now under the charge of Luther V. Bell, M.D. The hospitals under the Superintendence and Trustees, appear to be in a flourishing condition, both as it regards funds and the amount of relief given to the suffering.

**REPORT OF THE CHOLERA IN BOSTON, IN 1849.** This is an 8vo. pamphlet of nearly 300 pages, printed by J. H. Eastburn, city printer, in his usual neat and superior manner. The report is by H. G. Clark, M.D. city physician, and contains much valuable matter that is interesting, not only to the medical man, but to the community generally. It contains a map of the city, delineating the place where the cholera broke out, and also prospective views of some of the locations where the disease prevailed most, and found a fitting home. It is strange that every account of the cholera was not swept away, by the pestilence.

Among some of the views, is a triple cellar. In the first or upper cellar the occupant kept a rum hole, in the cellar below his family lived and kept boarders, and in the cellar below this, (the lower depth) was a bedroom crowded with beds—it was six feet square, and six feet high, without a hole for light or ventilation, and into which the tide came occasionally.

One cellar was occupied as a sleeping apartment by 30 persons. In another, the tide had risen so high that it was necessary to approach the bedside of the patient on a plank laid from one stool to the other, while the dead body of an infant was actually sailing about the room in its coffin!

**LADY'S BOOK FOR MAY.** With its usually rich embellishments, and quantity of literary matter has been received. There are twenty-two embellishments, from full plate engraving of the first style of art, down to the plain, but expressive woodcut. The plate entitled "A gift of Heaven" is a rare one. The gift is a fat, chubby cherub of a babe, in the lap of a good looking mother. Such "gifts" are not very rare, but exceedingly valuable nevertheless.

**SAINTEIN'S UNION MAGAZINE FOR MAY.** This is a capital number. The embellishments are as excellent in design and execution, as usual, and the contributions from literary writers, full of interest. Sertain promises that in the June number he will give in addition to his usual embellishments, a beautiful portrait of Jenny Lind, the celebrated Swedish nightingale, so called, who is expected in this country, about that time, to astonish us with her vocal powers.

**BADLAN'S COMMON SCHOOL WRITING BOOK.** A new system of writing books has been devised by O. G. Badlan, whom some of our readers may recollect as having formerly taught penmanship in this city. We have examined it carefully, and are much pleased with the plan. There are five books in all. In the first place there is a system laid down for the formation of each letter, and for combining them. This being impressed on the mind of the pupil, the practice required to obtain facility of movement in writing the letters is materially aided. Another peculiarity of the system, the author says, consists in light lined letters for tracing, which require more observation than perfect outline letters, to be traced and filled—also the use of oblique lines, which aid in sloping letters, and attaining a movement of the whole hand, without the restraint incident to their use as heretofore practiced.

At the foot of each page are printed instructions and examples of errors in forming the letters. We believe that this is the most complete and perfect system of writing book which we have hitherto seen. The work is admirably printed on first rate paper, and as the most convenient mode of furnishing pupils with paper for writing, is in the form of writing books all prepared to hand, we think these will commend themselves to the attention of all—inasmuch, for the same price you not only obtain an excellent book to write in, but a valuable treatise on the art.

**MUSEUM YOUR HENS.** One of our citizens wishes us to hint to some of his neighbors, that if their hens must run out and maul in his garden, they ought to have their bills muzzled, and their feet covered with moccasins. Those who keep hens, should also be reasonable and shut them out whenever they trouble their neighbors' gardens, else the feathers may fly in a way not agreeable to the owner.

### Gathered News Fragments, &c.

**Double Eagle.** About \$100,000 of double eagles have been coined and issued, and a still larger amount will be coined in the course of a few days.

**Person to be Executed.** It was stated in some of the Massachusetts papers that the sentence of Pearson had been commuted to imprisonment for life, in accordance with the recommendation of the jury which convicted him, and we so announced it, last week. It now appears that Gov. Briggs and his Council have refused to commute the sentence, and have decided upon Friday, the 26th day of July next, as the day for his execution.

**Explosion.** The boiler of a locomotive on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad exploded on the afternoon of the 16th, throwing the locomotive eighty feet, and instantly killing the fireman. The engineer escaped with trifling injury. Insufficiency of water in the boiler was the cause of the accident.

**Discovery of Human Bones.** Some workmen who were employed, one day last week, in digging for the foundation of the new American House, in Hanover street, opposite Elm street, Boston, discovered in an old vault, three human skulls, six thigh bones, and pieces of bones of the lower parts of the legs, &c. They were evidently the remains of adults, and how they came there is a mystery.

**Incendiarism.** A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, dated the 13th, says: "Our city still continues infested with a band of incendiaries. Seventeen fires have taken place during the past week, and much property has been destroyed. The city authorities have offered a large reward for the arrest of the incendiaries."

**Annexation of the Sandwich Islands.** The *Polyesian*, the official journal of the Hawaiian Government, published at Honolulu, discusses at some length the propriety of annexation to the United States. As a matter of right, it thinks the Hawaiian people might as well talk of annexing California and Oregon, as the American people of annexing the Hawaiian Islands.

**The Canal Overland Line.** The canals recently imported into Baltimore, it seems, are intended for an overland caravan, which is to leave Independence for San Francisco every month, commencing next June. Fifty-three canals more are on their way to this country.

**What it costs.** A Turin newspaper publishes a calculation of what the political difficulties cost Europe during the year 1849. The loss of men in the war between Naples and Sicily, was 23,000; at Rome, 8,000; Spanish expedition, 73; Hungarian war, 42,251; in Poland, 7,000; Ionian insurrection, 485; Milan, Venice and Piedmont, 31,023—Total, 111,512 men. The cost in money is set down at 1,832,000,000 francs. The ambition of kings and the Pope is the cause of this immense sacrifice.

**Mr. Calhoun's Successor.** Franklin H. Elmore has accepted the appointment by the Governor of South Carolina to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, caused by the death of Mr. Calhoun.

**Strange Verdict.** Wm. Bender, who was tried in Perry county, Pa., a short time since, for the murder of his brother, was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary until he gives satisfactory evidence of sanity.

**The Population of Quebec.** The census of Quebec, just taken, proves the population to be only 37,000, of which 23,375 are French Canadians. Increase since 1842, 5,753.

**Unpleasant.** A grand jury, in Ohio, have presented "The Sewing Society" of a certain town as a nuisance!

**Underground Tenements.** Over eighteen thousand of the poor of New York city are housed and lodged in underground basements.

**Explosion and loss of Life.** A despatch from New Orleans, dated the 12th, states that the steam tow-boat *Hercules* was blown up at the South West Pass, on the Wednesday previous; and, sad to relate, the third engineer, pilot, and five deck hands were killed. The boat is a total wreck.

**Subscription for Prof. Webster's Family.** It is stated that the recent calamity that has befallen this unfortunate family, has incited their old friends in Boston to raise for them a handsome donation as a testimonial of continued friendship. The widow of the late Dr. Parkman heads the list with \$500. The amount has already reached upwards of \$20,000.

**Educational.** The Legislature of Massachusetts have appropriated \$2,000 for agents to visit different parts of the State in aid of the Secretary of the Board of Education, and to ascertain the condition of the public schools.

**Sir John Franklin.** A late letter from St. Paul, Minnesota, says: "We have had reports here for some days, that intelligence has been received from Sir John Franklin, but I can trace them to no reliable source, nor do I believe the report."

**The Anti-rent troubles.** The Hudson Star states that the Anti-rent outrage in Columbia has been suppressed, the Sheriff having succeeded in removing all he seized on.

**Seduction Case.** Albert G. Bagley, gold pen manufacturer of New York, has been mulcted \$1800 for seducing a girl in his employ.

**Cotton Crop.** Letters from the interior of South Carolina complain of heavy rains, which have nearly flooded the country, and caused rather bad prospects for the cotton crop.

**Massachusetts Marriage Law.** A late act of the Massachusetts Legislature abolishes publication to the 28th of April. Notice of the intention is to be given to the Town Clerk, who issues a license immediately, and with this the parties can repair at once to a minister or magistrate, and be united.

**Snow in St. Louis.** Snow was seven or eight inches deep, on a level, in St. Louis, on Monday, the 15th inst., and the weather was far from pleasant.

**Disaster on the Upper Lakes.** The recent cold weather has reached the Lake region, and on the 10th, the schooner *Lawrence*, Capt. Short, on her way east from Milwaukee, with 11,000 bushels of wheat, was cut through by the ice and sunk. No lives were lost.

**Convictions and Commutations.** For the last twenty years, the number of convictions for capital offences in Massachusetts, was 23; the commutations 15; and the executions 8. Three persons have been pardoned during that time, whose sentences had previously been commuted.

**Fight.** The Philadelphia firemen had another fight on Monday night, of last week. Guns and pistols were discharged, both in the street and from the adjoining houses. A boy was injured, so that it was necessary to amputate his arm. Such lawless proceedings are a disgrace to any city.

**Lynch.** The United States steamer *San Jacinto* was launched at New York, on the 16th. She is of 1400 tons burthen, and was launched without any accident. About 20,000 persons were present to witness the spectacle.

**Another City.** Lynn has accepted its city charter, making the seventh city in Massachusetts. The town was settled in 1639, and now has a population of about 13,000.

**Shells and Silk Goods.** We find it our duty to notice the Establishment of Messrs. Jewett & Prescott, who advertise in our columns their new stock of Rich Goods. These gentlemen do business at No. 2 Milk Street, Boston, and no firm in that city has a wider and more enviable reputation as extensive dealers in Shells and Silk Goods. It would be a little surprising if any of our readers should visit Boston in pursuit of the above Goods, without consulting the varieties offered by Messrs. J. & P., at Wholesale and Retail.

**Singular petrifications.** The Minnesota Petrifications, which are at the mouth of Crow River, a navigable stream entering the Mississippi, on the west side, 35 miles above St. Paul, there are said to be visible in the bottom of the river, several petrifications in the shape of men and horses.

**Fatal Accident.** The brig John R. Dow, Merrymen, was going into Boston from Matanzas, on Thursday last, John W. Curtis, 23rd mate of the vessel, fell from aloft and fractured his skull. He died in about an hour after. He was 26 years of age, and son of Mr. Joseph Curtis of Harpswell, Maine.

**The United States Mint.** The United States Mint in Philadelphia is to be greatly increased in capacity—so that \$3,500,000 can be coined every month—or \$42,000,000 per annum. It is thought that this enlargement will remove the causes of delay which now so much annoy the receivers of gold dust.

**Benton and Foote.** Col. Benton has written a letter to the United States District Attorney, relative to the difficulty between himself and Senator Foote, in which he says: "I think it a proper subject for a court of justice, and wish it to be brought before the Criminal Court of this District for the examination and decision which the laws would give it."

**SCHOOL MEETING.** At the school meeting, Village District, August, on Saturday last, Alexander Burgess, Lat. Myrick, Edward Fenno, Wm. R. Sargent, J. A. Thompson, C. P. Allen, and G. S. Mulliken were chosen Directors for the ensuing year. The District voted to raise \$2,225 to pay the second and final payments on the High School House, fit up the second story of the same for a school, and for necessary repairs. The Directors were instructed to build two brick School Houses at a cost not exceeding five thousand dollars: the money for the same to be obtained on a loan, payable in five or ten years. An excellent spirit prevailed, and there was a willingness to do every thing that the wants of the District required.

**THE NEW STEAMER LAUNCHED.** The new steamer that has been building near our office, by Pinkham & Co., was launched on Monday afternoon. She is a neat boat, and is to ply between Bath and Wiscasset.

### Excitement in Saco—Dead Body found.

A paragraph appeared in our paper last week, which spoke of the discovery of the dead body of a young female, in a culvert or drain which crosses one of the streets in Saco. The body was discovered on Saturday afternoon, 13th inst., by a young lad who was sent into the culvert to clear away the rubbish, in order to give the water free passage, and afterwards kept it beneath the front fence. The body when found was almost in a state of nudity, being covered only with a chemise, or night dress, the head being also covered with a night cap, over which there was tied a piece of checked calico, in turban form, and upon the feet was a pair of blue stockings. The culvert where the body was found is about four feet wide, and a considerable brook runs through it. The drain passes between two dwelling houses, and over it is laid a plank walk, which leads to a door on the side of one of the houses. Around the neck of the body, which was somewhat decayed, and the flesh eaten off by the rats, was tied a small rope, that was attached to a plank about six feet long, that had evidently been used in the first place in conveying the body to the drain, and afterwards kept it beneath the front fence. The finding of the body under such circumstances caused much stir, and the place where the body was discovered was soon thronged with people.

Thomas P. Tyng, Coroner, took possession of the corpse immediately, and summoned a jury of inquest. This jury closed its sessions on Thursday. Their investigation was private, but sufficient testimony was elicited in its progress to warrant the apprehension of James H. Smith, a young man who has had a doubtful reputation as a kind of quack practitioner of medicine, on a charge of having been instrumental in procuring an abortion which resulted in the death of the female whose body was discovered. There was testimony before the inquest rendering it altogether probable that the body found was that of a Mary Bean, so called, who was proved to have been, a resident or boarder in Smith's family, and who was supposed to be in an advanced state of pregnancy. It appears that Smith for some years has been engaged in such practices as he now stands charged with, and which in one or more instances has resulted in death. The plank found with the body, and to which the rope was attached, it is supposed was used for the purpose of floating the body off down the brook, and without doubt in the expectation that the body would pass through the drain into the river, and be carried over the falls. The plank fits a place from which one is missing in Smith's stable, and other facts have been developed which give rise to suspicions on him as having thrown the body or caused it to be thrown into the drain where it was discovered.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury is in accordance with the above statement. The offense with which Smith now stands charged, or may be charged with hereafter, is that which is defined to be, by our Statute, murder in the second degree; the punishment for which is imprisonment for life in the State Prison. Smith was examined before the Police Court on Monday. For the principal facts detailed above, we are indebted to the Portland Transcript.

**COLD-BLOODED MURDER.** In Decatur, Miss., Dr. G. W. Buchanan recently shot a man named Lashly, under circumstances of a most heinous character. Buchanan was arrested some time since for stealing a watch, and released under bail to await his trial. He attempted to induce Lashly to testify that the principal witness against him had threatened his life. Lashly indignantly refused the offered bribe, and threatened to expose the villainy of the Doctor. The narrative is thus continued:

"On the 21st inst., about 10 o'clock, A. M., Buchanan went to the house of Mr. Lashly, about half a mile from Decatur, where he was working. Some conversation immediately ensued, which was in part heard by the sheriff and another person at a short distance, who went to arrest Buchanan and hear what passed between him and Lashly. Buchanan first inquired of Lashly if he had any watch. Lashly pointed him to a spring about fifty yards from the house, and came down from the roof and started with B. in that direction, walking before him. About half way between the house and spring, Buchanan drew down his double-barrel gun and shot Lashly, placing the gun nearly to his head and shooting off his left cheek and nose. He then deliberately shot the gun which Lashly had, (having been out turkey-hunting that morning), placed it to his head and shot him again, mangled him by his lodgings some time last night, and not returning as usual, his friends got alarmed, and turned out and searched for him several days, through all the woods lack of the town, but could not find him. He had friends living in some part of this State and it was supposed he had gone to see them, and nothing further was thought of the matter. A few days ago as a man was passing through a grove of thick Cedar swamp he came on his corpse. He had lain there all winter. He was very little disfigured notwithstanding. He left some property, which as he was never married will go to his friends. He was buried on Friday."

[Calais Advertiser.]

### DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

**MONDAY, APRIL 15.** SENATE. The Senate discussed the deficiency bill three hours. The amendment offered by Mr. Dickinson, to appropriate \$50,000 to complete the Patent Office, was rejected, and the bill, as amended by Mr. Clarke, to appropriate \$90,000, was adopted. Also, after a humorous debate, adopted amendments to appropriate \$5000 for the erection of a new green house; one by Mr. Rusk for twenty-two additional post office clerks; one by Mr. Mason, to appropriate \$10,000 for the improvement of the grounds south of the President's house; others by Messrs. Badger and Mason, for further appropriation for the improvement of the public grounds; Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, for \$9000, for Governor, Judges, &c., of Missouri; also several others, pending the consideration of which, the Senate adjourned.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 16.** SENATE. After the transaction of the morning business, the deficiency bill was again taken up, and the debate resumed on amendments of no general interest.

Mr. Cass moved to strike out the appropriation for the outfit of a Charge to Austria.

Mr. Foote expressed the hope that provision would be made in the amendment of the Senator from Michigan, for the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Central Government of Germany.

Mr. King opposed Mr. Cass's amendment. After some debate on the general principles involved in the amendment, it was rejected, yeas 17—nays 28.

The bill having been amended in several particulars, was passed.

The Senate then went into Executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

**HOUSE.** The House met at a quarter before one o'clock, and after a prayer, the Chaplain, the subordinate clerk was about to commence the reading of the journal of yesterday's proceedings, when Mr. Harris, (dem.) of Illinois, wanted to know on what authority the Illinois was proceeding to do so. They had had a doorknocker and postmaster thrust upon them, and he was not willing to have a clerk in the same way.

The Speaker said that the journal had been prepared, as usual, under his direction. The individual at the desk, a subordinate officer of the late clerk. This, however, will not prevent the reading of the journal.

The resolution to proceed forthwith to the election of a Clerk, was then adopted.

At half-past one the nominations were made and tellers appointed. No choice was effected.

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17.** SENATE. The Vice President announced the following gentlemen to compose a Committee on the subject of the navigation of the Mississippi, viz: Messrs. Corwin, Clay, Bright, Douglas, Davis, and Downer.

The question upon the appointment of Mr. Foote's Committee came up, with Mr. Benton's amendment. Mr. Clay re-offered his amendment, prohibiting instructions to the Committee. Four hours of warm debate ensued, during which Mr. Benton made a most able and powerful speech in support of his amendment. Mr. Clay's amendment was opposed by Messrs. Benton, Miller and Webster, as unparliamentary and out of order, and was eloquently sustained by Mr. Clay, and was carried—yeas 29—nays 22.

Mr. Hamlin moved an amendment similar to that of Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Benton renewed his fourteen points of amendment, and asked the yeas and nays on each. This caused a furious debate, in which Mr. Foote indulged in personal reflections on Mr. Benton. Mr. Benton approached Mr. Foote, who, evidently alarmed, rushed into the area and drew a pistol. Benton said, "I am unarmed, let the assassin fire."

Intense excitement and confusion followed, members interfered, and held Messrs. Benton and Foote to their seats, for some moments. Mr. Hale suggested the appointment of a committee upon the subject, and Mr. Foote courted the appointment. Mr. Clay desired to have Senators sworn to keep the peace. Explanations were offered, and a Committee was ordered to examine into the affair. Adjourned.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 18.** SENATE. Mr. Benton moved to postpone the orders and take up the California bill.

Mr. Clay moved to lay the motion on the table, which was carried, after several explanations were offered, and a Committee was ordered to examine into the affair. Adjourned.

**HOUSE.** On the ninth balloting for Clerk, Mr. Richard M. Young, Democrat, was elected, having 95 votes, against \$2 for Mr. Frindle, Whig, 5 for Mr. Stansbury, 1 for Mr. St. Clair, Clarke. The House then adjourned.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 19.** SENATE. Mr. Benton moved to postpone the orders and take up the California bill.

Mr. Clay moved to lay the motion on the table, which was carried, after several explanations were offered, and a Committee was ordered to examine into the affair. Adjourned.

**HOUSE.** Mr. Brown preferred certain charges against the door keeper, and made a motion for a committee of investigation which was carried.

Mr. Richardson of Illinois moved for a committee of inquiry upon the conduct of Secretary Ewing, regarding certain alleged usurpations, &c.—motion objected to.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the California message, and Messrs. Ewing of Tennessee, and Aldrich of Ohio, made speeches of one hour each. Mr. Cleveland of Connecticut took the floor, when the House adjourned.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 19.** SENATE. Mr. Hale presented a petition for a repeal of the slave laws in the District of Columbia, and moved in reference to a select committee upon which he called for the yeas and nays. After some debate, Mr. Atchison moved to lay on the table the question of reception and reference, which was carried.

The Committee on Mr. Foote's resolution of all the slavery subjects was closed by ballot, Mr. Clay being first elected chairman, and the remainder on a single ballot, took Messrs. Bell of Tennessee, Berrien of Georgia, Bright of Indiana, Cass of Michigan, Cooper of Pennsylvania, Dickinson of New York, Downs of Louisiana, King of Alabama, Mangum of North Carolina, Mason of Virginia, Phelps of Vermont, Webster of Massachusetts.

Mr. Benton moved instructions to require separate reports &c., which were ruled out.

The California bill was taken up and discussed. Mr. Clay said he should move an amendment, adding the territorial and perhaps the Texas boundary questions.

Mr. Benton said he should prove that to be illegal and unparliamentary.

Messrs. Clay and Benton said they were respectively prepared to meet the issue, and the bill was made the order for Monday fortnight.

Mr. Hale renewed the motion to refer certain anti-slavery petitions.

Mr. Atchison moved that the motion be laid on the table, which was carried, and the Senate adjourned to Monday.

**HOUSE.** The House after discussing the private calendar in Committee of the Whole, rose and reported progress. In Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Cleveland, of Connecticut, made his hour's speech, advocating the admission of California, and rebuking Southern threats. Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, took the floor, when the committee rose and the House adjourned, till Monday.

**BOY FOUND.** A man belonging to St. Stephen, N. B., by the name of William Stuart, strayed away from his lodgings some time last night, and not returning as usual, his friends got alarmed, and turned out and searched for him several days, through all the woods lack of the town, but could not find him. He had friends living in some part of this State and it was supposed he had gone to see them, and nothing further was thought of the matter. A few days ago as a man was passing through a grove of thick Cedar swamp he came on his corpse. He had lain there all winter. He was very little disfigured notwithstanding. He left some property, which as he was never married will go to his friends. He was buried on Friday.

[Calais Advertiser.]

**FROM VENEZUELA.** We have advised to the effect that the Congress of Venezuela have passed a decree ordering the immediate release from prison of Gen. Paez. It now remains to be seen whether President Monagas will execute this decree; it is possible, however, that he will not, the people of the country being much exasperated at his previous treatment of the General. His order banishing the two daughters of Paez has not been obeyed for that reason.

We also learn that the British and Dutch claims upon Venezuela have been amicably arranged, though we are not informed upon what conditions. Our previous letters brought the news that H. B. M. Admiral Dundonald had threatened to blockade the entire coast unless that obnoxious law were repealed by which Venezuela debtors were allowed nine years before they could be sued by their creditors. It is probable that this has been done. [N. Y. Tribune.]

**CONFESSOR OF A MURDERER.** Two gentlemen, L. P. Howe and M. D. Hubbard, writers to the Hartford Times from North White Creek, Washington County, N. York, that there is a man in that region who admits he is the murderer of the old gentleman White, who was recently murdered in Litchfield County, Ct. He is about nineteen years old, has considerable money with him, and drinks two mugs. He says that two or three men were engaged with him, but he committed the act. A part of his money is in gold, which corresponds with the money which was stolen at the time of his death. He is so intoxicated when he admitted the murder, but repeated the statement afterwards when sober. A warrant has been issued for him there, and an officer is in pursuit.







## The Muse.

MY GARDEN GATE.  
BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Stand back, bewitching politics,  
I've placed my garden gate;  
Pass on, with all your party tricks,  
Nor tread my holy ground.  
Stand back—I'm weary of your talk,  
Your squabbles and your prate;  
You cannot enter in this way,  
I've closed my garden gate.  
Stand back, ye thoughts of trade and self,  
I have a refuge here;  
I wish to commune with myself;  
My mind is out of gear.  
These lovers are sacred to the page  
Of philosophic lore;  
Within these bounds no evildoers range;  
I've shut my garden door.  
Stand back, frivolity and show;  
It is a day of spring;  
I want to see my roses blow,  
And hear the blackbirds sing;  
I wish to prune my apple-trees;  
And make my peaches straight;  
Keep to the canyons, if you please;  
I've shut my garden gate.  
I have no room for such as you,  
My house is somewhat small;  
Let love come here, and friendship true,  
I'll give them welcome all.  
I will not scorn my household stuff,  
Or criticize my store;  
Pass on—the world is wide enough;  
I've shut my garden door.  
Stand back, ye pawns, and let me wear  
The liberty I feel;  
I have a cat at elbow here;  
I love its disoblige.  
Within these precincts let me rove  
With Nature free from state;  
There is no time in the grove;  
I've shut my garden gate.  
What boots confusion here and strife?  
I cannot always climb;  
I would not struggle all my life;  
I need a breathing time;  
Pass on—I've sanctified these grounds  
To friendship, love, and ease;  
You cannot come within these bounds,  
I've shut my garden door.

## The Story-Teller.

THE NABOB UNCLE.  
OR DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.  
BY AGNES L. GORDON.

Well, girls, prepare your sweetest smiles and best behavior, for your uncle has arrived at last, and I have just received this note, dated at the Astor, announcing his coming, and accepting my invitation to make our house his home. So, to use his own expression, we may expect him, "bag and baggage," this evening.

These words were addressed by Mrs. Medway to her daughters, as they sat at breakfast in an elegant apartment in a fashionable street, up town.

"That means, I suppose, that he comes with an ebony serving man in an immense turban, half a dozen hookahs, innumerable packages, and self-indulgent contrivances, and all the et ceteras of an eastern nabob," replied Matilda. "I wonder where we are to stow away all the trash that he will undoubtedly put in upon us! I wish you had not invited him here; but if he is coming, perfectly willing to play the agreeable, with so bright a prospect in store."

"Not so with me," exclaimed her younger sister, Sophy. "I am determined to do as I please, and not be like an automaton, at the will of a cross old invalid, as I have no doubt he is. I suppose we must have great fires built up all summer, and be content to be baked and browned to crisps, in ovens of rooms, while old yellow-faced shivers with cold and avarice at the climate. And then we must live on curries, and spices, and pilaws, and all sorts of horrid nauseous messes, until we are as yellow and bilious as himself. I boldly protest against all such proceedings, and thus, once for all, good people, declare myself free and independent."

"But recollect, girls," said their mother, while she laughed at Sophy's declaration, "he is your father's brother, and as such entitled to at least an appearance of respect. I wish he was less afflicted, to be sure, for it will be a drawback, I fear, upon your amusements; but keep up your courage, and remember that to be heiresses of an Indian nabob is a distinction very much to be coveted, and worthy some sacrifices to attain."

"I am sure his deafness will be a great relief to us," chimed in Matilda, "as we shall be able to have plenty of delicate attentions and wondrous smiles in readiness, we can indulge once in a while in the theatrical 'aide' of impatience, which will be quite a safety-valve to temper."

"But if he is an invalid he must necessarily be cross," answered Sophy, "and as his sight is impaired, he will probably want some one to read to him. That task I absolutely refuse to perform; for as to reading anything more than the last magazine, it is an effort I never was equal to. We will appoint Grace, reader, to our Indian majesty. What say you, Grace, are you not overwhelmed with the honor?"

This question was addressed to a quiet girl, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but who replied with a smile, "My dear mother, I am not a disagreeable person you describe, I shall not be envious of the honor you design me; I have the gout, and we must all creep on tiptoe about the room, lest an unlucky ray might give him a twinge, and bring down a volley, not of blessings, upon our devoted heads. Then the liver complaint is a necessary appendage, and blue pills and calomel will abound. Bah! what a house it will be to be sure; I should not wonder if he has a pet monkey and half a dozen macaws, and we shall have menagerie and hospital combined. If such is the case, I shall run off and get married; so don't wonder if some morning I am missing."

"And thus forfeit your claim to the fortune in store," said the sister; "for my part, I am willing to take a pill every other day, in the hope that it will prove at least a gilded one, and will feed the macaws to a surfeit."

"In fact, kill them with kindness," interrupted Sophy, laughing. "Well, you are welcome to all you can get; but I will be bitter if it is gilded. I love my ease too well to be shackled, even with golden fetters, so Grace and you may divide the labor and the reward."

"All fudge, mamma," laughed Sophy, rising from her seat, "talk of natural feeling, indeed, for a cross old fidgety fellow once never saw, and scarcely ever heard of, except when he sent you that superb Indian shawl. I tell you, mamma, it is a natural feeling for his presents and his presence that inspires you, and I will have none of them, except they come in a natural way, without any force put on my inclination. You know I am a little Pickle, and I intend to be as sour as vinegar."

"And I as sweet as honey-water," cried Matilda, as she left the room.

"Yes, and as insipid too," replied her sister following. "As for you, Grace," she added, looking back, "as you fortunately have no selfish considerations you can afford to be as you always are, Simple Grace, gracious and graceful," and so saying, the noisy girl slammed the door after her, leaving Grace to her daily duty of waiting the breakfast things, and arranging the room.

Mrs. Medway was the widow of a merchant, who had left her widow possessed of a moderate income, which she contrived so to live in this place of gold, cover a large surface. They lived by their means in every sense. Mrs. Medway gave parties, kept several servants, lived in a large house splendidly furnished, and dressed herself and daughters splendidly. All this could not be done without strict economy somewhere; and while the sisters of Mrs. Medway were pronounced delightful, the servants made many complaints of their daily fare. Mrs. Medway was only one of a class; there are hundreds who "rob Peter to pay Paul," and fast at home that they may appear to feast abroad.

The coming of Jacob Medway, an elder brother of her husband, who had spent his life in India, and now returned to his native land to enjoy his fortune and find an heir, was an important event to Mrs. Medway. She would rather, to be sure, have him unacquainted with certain parts of her household arrangement, but she hoped to reap a golden harvest, and wished to give her daughters an opportunity of ingratiating themselves in his favor.

Matilda, the elder, had been a decided belle for several seasons. She was tall and slender, with very fine dark eyes, rather long face, and that distinguished air and manner that stamps the woman of fashion. She was very anxious to secure her uncle's favor, for she argued that a fine fortune might secure her the alliance that her fine person had hitherto failed to win.

The youngest daughter, Sophy, with less beauty than her sister, was still much admired. She had a rattling, dashing way of saying pert and sometimes shrewd things, that passed for wit among the idlers who surrounded her, though they often winced under the keenness of her remarks. She was not amiable, but possessed a sturdy independence that was a redeeming trait, and though often displaying it in a most disagreeable manner, was in reality much less selfish than her soft-lipped sister.

The other inmate of the family whom we have mentioned was Grace Addison—"little Grace," as she was wont to be termed in her own happy home, but now "Simple Grace," as Sophy loved to call her. The mother of Grace was a cousin of Mrs. Medway; she had been left a widow, in very straitened circumstances, her husband dying when Grace was just fifteen. Grief and anxiety threw her into a consumption, and she died two years after, leaving her orphan child to the care of her cousin, Mrs. Medway, who had herself been tenderly reared under the roof Mrs. Addison's father, and upon whom the grand daughter of her benefactor certainly had a claim.

Mrs. Medway was a selfish woman, and the charge was irksome; but the circumstances of her own early life and adoption were so extensively known, that she dared not brave the censure of her friends by refusing it; and thus whilst Grace was ostensibly cared for and provided for, she was made to feel her dependence, and had resolved in her own heart to seize the first opportunity of releasing herself from this thralldom, preferring to earn her daily bread, rather than receive it as a favor, while she toiled for it as a menial. But her gentle and pliant nature dreaded to offend Mrs. Medway, for she knew that she was really essential to her; while for Sophy, rude as she sometimes appeared, she cherished a warm attachment, for she alone acted towards her as an equal and a friend.

Grace Addison was not beautiful, but she had charms enough to make her a dangerous rival, had she appeared on equal terms with the sisters. She shrank, however, from society, and seldom appeared at Mrs. Medway's soirees—very much, it must be confessed, to the lady's satisfaction. We have said Grace was not beautiful—"lovely" is the epithet properly belonging to her. Scarcely above the middle height, her slender form was inexpressibly graceful in all its attitudes; there were no angles about her, Sophy said. Every accidental position was a study for a sculptor; and never was the gentle name of "Grace" more fully applied. Her deep, thoughtful blue eyes were shaded by long black lashes, that rested on a cheek whose deepest tint never exceeded the glow on the lip of a rose-shell, and the delicate features and rich mass of hair gave that air of refinement so rare and so indescribable.

Such was the family of the nabob, Jacob Medway, was expected to become an inmate. In Mrs. Medway's drawing room the family was assembled to receive the expected guest. Sophy was ridiculing her sister, and imitating the welcome which she said Matilda had leaped by rote, when the noise of carriage wheels was heard, and presently a loud ring of the bell announced the arrival. Mrs. Medway arose and went into the hall, and then came the sound of trunks unstrapped, and packages thrown in, and next, enveloped in cloaks, the rich uncle stepped from the carriage, and being welcomed by Mrs. Medway, was shown at once to his room, where every accommodation for his comfort had been made. He had a colored servant, and as many packages as even Matilda expected, but no pet monkey or macaws as yet appeared.

"Well, mamma, what is he like?" exclaimed both daughters in a breath, as she re-entered the room.

"You shall judge for yourselves presently," she answered. "He does not appear to be gouty, however, for he stepped quite firmly into the hall, and his voice is pleasant and not at all cross."

"So, perhaps, Matilda will not have the gratification of being a martyr after all," cried Sophy, laughing; "her honey-water will sour by keeping, and my vinegar become flat; well, after all, I am a little disappointed. I don't believe he is at all rich, Matilda, unless he is gouty, cross, and everything bad; it would be too much of a good thing if he were."

Matilda did not much relish her sister's railery, and a sharp reply rose to her lips, as the door opened and her uncle entered. Mrs. Medway immediately rose, and introduced him to her daughters, and Grace offered him the arm-chair, which he politely accepted, and then expressed, in a very words, his thanks for her courtesy.

He was of course an object of great interest to the little group, and did not altogether answer their expectations.

Uncle Medway was tall, and rather stout, with a fine open countenance, yellow and brown to be sure, in his hue, but the expression of his mouth contradicted at once all idea of ill-nature. His eyes were small, with a keen, shrewd, searching expression, and one could scarcely credit that their vision was impaired so that, without glasses,

he could not distinguish minute objects. He carried an ear in his hand and apologized for his infirmities, speaking in a nervous and abrupt manner.

"You will find me a troublesome inmate, I fear, madam," he said to Mrs. Medway; "my infirmities make me a poor companion. I am a man of few words, and my loss of hearing renders it almost impossible to enjoy the conversation of others, while even the pleasure of reading is in part denied me."

"My daughters will be delighted to serve you in every way," said Mrs. Medway, graciously.

"Now is your chance," loudly whispered Sophy to her sister, "lay your eyes, ears and tongue at the feet of your golden idol."

"Sophy!" exclaimed her mother, in agony; but the sight of the ear-cornet calmed her fears. The evening passed slowly away. Uncle Medway retired early, and the young ladies, after exchanging opinions of him, went to rest, to dream golden dreams, as Sophy maliciously said.

Uncle Medway did not appear at breakfast on the following morning; but during the forenoon, when the young ladies were occupied at their several employments, he unexpectedly entered, and with an apologetic smile and bow, took the seat which Matilda hastened to offer, looking at the same time very affectionate inquiries after his health. The old gentleman very quietly put on his glasses and lowered his ear-cornet, requesting her to repeat her words, while Sophy maliciously offered to prompt her in case she forgot her lesson. Matilda looked thunder at her sister, and sunshine at her uncle, as she repeated her questions.

"I read pretty well, thank you, said her uncle, "and as I hope to become better acquainted in time, you will not, I trust, be offended at my scrutiny." He took Matilda's hand as he spoke, and looked earnestly in her countenance.

"Do you consider me like papa?" she inquired, with her most engaging smile, and speaking in the earnest, without which it was evident he could hear nothing.

"Humph! not much; your sister there is more like him," he answered, pointing with his ear-trumpet to Sophy.

"These, Matilda, is ten thousand lost to you," laughed the giddy girl.

"What does she say?" asked the old gentleman, casting a sidelong look at her; "come here, my dear, and tell me yourself."

Sophy rose, and, courtesied before him, as she said to Grace, "You must excuse me, prepare me, would it if the Indian thinks he can turn as we stand bobbing like so many mandarins before him, then turning to her uncle, she added, "I am delighted that you think I resemble my father, air, although Matilda is counted the beauty, and I the fright."

"Oh, Sophy, how can you rattle so!" exclaimed Grace.

"Now hush, Grace, until your turn comes. You know I always speak out what I think."

"Especially when you know one party at least cannot hear," said her sister sarcastically.

"You all seem chattering away among yourselves like so many magpies," said the old gentleman. "But who is this young lady in the corner?"

"Our Cousin, Grace Addison," screamed Sophy at the top of her voice, "and the dearest, best, kindest cousin in the world. She makes all our dresses, copies Matilda's music, and does a thousand things for which others get the credit; and more than all she bears my imperfections, and never gets out of patience. Now, Grace," turning towards her, "you are properly introduced, come and speak for yourself. I think I have made one party at least hear this time."

she added, to her sister, "and if the old yellow face has half as much generosity as he should have, there is a nice little plum in store for Simple Grace." So saying, she ran out of the room.

When the party met at dinner, there were several dishes cooked to suit Uncle Medway's taste, among the rest a curry. Mrs. Medway and Matilda accepted some of the proffered viands, but when the old gentleman politely turned to Sophy, she exclaimed—

"No, I thank you, none of your nauseous messes for me; the very smell of them takes away my appetite!"

"I say I can't bear curry," screamed Sophy.

"Oh, Sophy, how can you be so rude?" said her mother, in despair.

"Because I hate hypocrisy," answered the other angrily. "There sits Matilda, striving to appear to eat what I know she abhors—afraid to say what her likes or dislikes are; it would not be worth the effort she makes to swallow it; if the hateful curry powder was gold dust. See, she is pale now, and sick, I dare say, at the thought, Matilda. Uncle Medway must, indeed, be deaf, dumb and blind, not to discover in a short time all your false pretences." Sophy spoke rapidly, despite of both mother's and sister's attempts to stop her, and Grace's appealing looks. Secure in their guest's entire desecration, she smiled severely at the deceit she despised.

Uncle Medway cast a searching look toward Matilda, and then turning to Grace, who sat next him, invited her to partake of his favorite dish. Grace thanked him, but declined.

"What," said he, with a smile, "can't you bear curry, either? Perhaps you have never tasted it."

"I am not fond of it, I confess," answered Grace. "I have often seen it on my grandfather's table, and he tried in vain to induce me to like it."

Again those shrewd eyes of Uncle Medway rested on Grace's countenance, and no further discussion arising, the dinner passed pleasantly off.

After dinner Grace was left alone with the old gentleman, while the sisters took their usual promenade; when, suddenly turning towards her, he said, in his peculiarly abrupt manner, "Who was your grandfather?"

Grace looked up in surprise, but immediately answered, "My grandfather's name was Maurice Addison."

"And your father's?"

"Jacob Addison; he was born in India—" and then, with a sudden impulse, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Medway, did you not know my grandfather? Are you not the old friend I have so often heard him mention, who went out to India with him, and who was so true and kind to him in illness and trouble? You are, I am sure, and my father was named after you, Jacob Addison."

It was unusual for the quiet Grace to be so roused to such enthusiasm; but she rose from her seat, and laying her hand on the old gentleman's chair, looked into his face with such an affectionate and expectant gaze, that his heart must have been almost induced to resist it. And as his was, in reality, a loving and unselfish heart, he drew Grace gently toward him, and a pleasant smile lighted up in his face, as he said—

"And you, Maurice Addison's own little merry pet, Grace, he so often mentioned in his letters to me! You are, I am sure, and you are the daughter of my little god-son, Jacob, who was only nine high when I saw him last. And now, my dear child, for surely I have a right to call you so, why are you living here? Where are your parents?"

Tears started in Grace's eyes as she related the circumstances of her parents' death and her

admission into Mrs. Medway's family, adding, that though they were all very kind to her, she would remain no longer than this until she could procure an independent situation, as she feared, in Mrs. Medway's circumstances, she was a burden.

"Humph!" was the only reply; and then the old gentleman added, "Say nothing about this conversation, if you please, until I give you permission."

Grace willingly assented; she knew that Mrs. Medway would not like to believe she possessed any claim, however slight, on Uncle Medway's regard; and although feeling an attachment to him for her grandfather's sake, had not the slightest idea of endeavoring to rival her cousin.

One morning Uncle Medway expressed a desire to drive through the city, and wished one of the ladies to accompany him as a cicero. Matilda's services were instantly offered, and she herself accepted. On their return, Matilda threw herself on a sofa, exclaiming to her mother—

"Well, I never was so wearied in all my life, and I consider this splendid drive, which uncle purchased for me at Sturtevant's, as very hardly favored. I never will consent to be driven about, shut up in a carriage with such a perverse, questioning old codger again for a dozen drives."

Why, the old man seemed to think I must know the whole history of the city, from its first settlement—we will have to land him Diederich Knickerbocker's book. And then such stopping to admire the churches and other buildings, while a group of fashionable passed and stared; it is an ordeal I never will pass through again."

"The honey-water is exhausted is it?" asked Sophy. "You gave it to us in great quantities at first; well, for my part, I would be induced to take one drive, with such a reward in view."

"What is that?" asked the uncle, turning sharply round, "don't Matilda like her dress?"

"Shall I answer for you?" asked Sophy.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Medway, "she was expressing her admiration and gratitude; but she says she will fear to go with you again, lest you should think her motives interested."

"Humph! motives are apparent enough!" muttered the old gentleman; then turning to Grace he said, "Will you accompany me to-morrow, Grace? I promise faithfully that you shall have no reward save the consciousness of obliging a troublesome old man."

Grace being assented, and Mrs. Medway's consent given, Grace became the almost daily companion of the old gentleman, who seemed, however, to bestow but little notice on her, lavishing all his preference on Matilda, who was elated with her success.

A few days after, Uncle Medway brought down a closely written letter of several pages, which he asked Matilda to copy for him, as she had so often expressed the pleasure it gave her to do anything for her dear uncle. Matilda received the document with a gracious smile, and promised it should be done by the following morning. That evening the sisters went out with their mother, and Mr. Medway retired early to his own room, but having occasion to come down again for his glasses, he saw Grace bending over a table on which were spread writing materials. She leaned her head on her clasped hands, and sighed heavily. As he entered the room she looked up, and hastily drew a blank sheet over the page she had written.

"You look pale, child," said the old gentleman, as he put on his spectacles. "What are you doing there?"

"Only writing a little—but I have a severe headache," answered Grace.

"Go to bed, then, where you have some chance eyes out there for! I dare say, some long letter to a sentimental friend, eh?" He approached the table as he spoke.

"You shall not see it, if it is," said Grace, playfully putting her hand on the paper, "and I must finish it to-night, because I have promised;" she paused.

"Well, well," said the old man kindly, "promises must be kept, of course. I hope Matilda has kept her promise of copying my letter. Do you think it will be finished by to-morrow morning, Grace?" And without waiting a reply, he left the room.

The following morning the letter and copy were laid by Uncle Medway's plate, and the old gentleman examining it with an approving glance, said a fifty dollar note from his pocket-book, and said, "I do not wish to offend, by offering a remuneration for this correct and beautiful copy; but I know you ladies have also some chance eyes out there for! I dare say, some long letter to a sentimental friend, eh?" He approached the table as he spoke.

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"You shall not see it, if it is," said Grace, playfully putting her hand on the paper, "and I must finish it to-night, because I have promised;" she paused.

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Sophy regarded her sister with undisguised contempt, and by way of offset became more rude and impatient than ever.

The rich uncle had been a great assistance to the household, his generous heart prompting him to make those presents which he saw were required—and this was done in the most delicate manner. It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Mrs. Medway met the information that he one day gave, that he had purchased a house in one of the most fashionable squares, and desired the usages of the ladies to assist him in furnishing it. He intended to celebrate his installation in his new home, by a splendid ball and supper, to which, as he had few acquaintances, he begged the ladies to invite those friends whose society was desirable. He also told Mrs. Medway in confidence, that if she would part with one of her fair charges, he wished on the appointed evening publicly to announce his choice of one of them as his heiress and adopted daughter, on condition that she resided with him to cheer his lonely old age. Mrs. Medway gave the choice to her daughter, as she had no doubt on whom the choice would fall, and immediately congratulated Matilda, and caused it to be whispered among her confidential friends that her eldest daughter would be the heiress of the Indian nabob.

Matilda declared the affliction of residing with such a horrid bore a severe penalty, but promised herself the satisfaction of spending his money at pleasure, while Sophy maliciously advised her to practice the "Groves of Blarney" preparatory to the "Dead March."

The important evening arrived, and the three young ladies elegantly attired in dresses of em. broided erape over India satin, presented by Uncle Medway, took their places in his splendid saloon to receive their guests. Matilda evidently took the precedence, and very handsome she looked in her stately beauty, doing the honors with all the grace which the future mistress of so superb an establishment should possess. While Grace, looking perfectly lovely in her pure and tasteful dress, shrank abashed from the admiring gaze bestowed upon her, and was abashed by the attention she excited. Uncle Medway went cheerfully among his guests, ear-cornet in hand, and spectacles on nose, quizzed by some, respected by many, and flattered by all.

Just as supper was announced, and the musicians had led the hall for the supper room, Mrs. Medway, supporting Mrs. Medway on his arm, and followed by the young ladies, stepped into the midst of the brilliant circle and said,

"My guests are aware, I suppose, of my intention to adopt one of these fair young ladies as my sole heiress, my sister-in-law having kindly consented to spare one from her bright circle. I am a lonely old man, with many peculiar notions, and I require, therefore, a cheerful, yet gentle and patient spirit, to support my whims. Such an one I have found in the person of Grace Addison, the grand child of my oldest friend, and the daughter of my namesake and godson. I therefore declare her my adopted child and heiress."

A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly, and Mrs. Medway and Matilda seemed ready to sink with confusion, Sophy clasped her hands, and Grace, pale and trembling with surprise and emotion, suffered herself to be led forward by the old gentleman, who continued,

"I have met with much kindness and attention beneath the roof of my sister-in-law, in token of which I shall bequeath to my niece, Matilda, the sum of thirty thousand dollars, when she has the pleasure of playing the Dead March for me. And to her sister, whose opinions were frankly avowed I shall leave a similar sum. My ear-cornet and glasses have served me a trusty part, and I now lay them aside, I hope forever, trusting that the ladies have profited by the lesson they have themselves taught me, that appearances are often deceitful, and one need not be deaf, dumb and blind, though he is a Nabob Uncle."

Whether Mrs. Medway and her daughters said to the splendid supper prepared, and swallowed their mortification and the delicacies together this record saith not; but that the beautiful heiress Grace Addison, became at once a star of the first magnitude in the fashionable world, is to be expected; but the bright star ever found her happiness in enlivening the home of the eccentric but old and kind, who found in his adopted daughter the delight and solace of his old age.

MAKING A "V." A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous idea of a fellow, whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory-headed hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a stupid of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out:

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I take one five dollar bill."

"Done, done, you shall have it."

Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room—

"My good friend, you go out with me! I give you half a dozen!"

"Done! done!" said the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience.

The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.

DID IT "WHITTIER ITSELF?" An everlasting whistle, or rather a scream, says a late Pittsburg Dispatch, was heard yesterday morning at the wharf. Every body wondered what was the matter—was a screw loose, or a string broken? We too, marveled for a while, and at length went down to see what ailed the boat. We found an immense crowd collected to hear and see, and discovered that two opposition boats were up for St. Louis. The James Millinger had procured a base band to attract passengers, and the Mt. Vernon made use of her whistle for the same purpose. As soon as the band struck up, the whistle broke out in a strain so loud and shrill that nothing else could be heard for squares around—the band would be drowned entirely in the horrid shriek of the whistle, and then the whistle would cease—as the band again struck up, the whistle shrieked horribly—and so it continued all the morning. The spectators and auditors were vastly tickled, but the passengers on the two boats must have had a sorry time of it. Some brave people talked of "indicting the nuisance," but we understood privately that it would be shown that "it whittled itself."

A TRUTHFUL ANSWER. Bunkum, in the old North State, is undoubtedly the bestliest spot on earth; and it was on that account that some "lower country gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Bunkumite at work opening an onion looking "hole in the ground." Of course they inquired what he was about!

"Digging a grave, sir."

"Digging a grave? Why, I thought people didn't die over here—do they?"

"Oh, no, sir—they never die but once."

They never asked this question "but once."

## Sabbath Reading.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.  
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"It hath been said it were especially tender to me and made plain and legible to my understanding that a great worship is going on among the things of God."

The Ocean looks up to heaven,  
As 'twere a living thing,  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the shipping sand,  
As bends the